Will Graham and The Kissing Booth Dilemma

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Will Graham and The Kissing Booth Dilemma

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Sequel to Hannibal and The Kissing Booth Dilemma and further fill for Llewcie's "Hannibal/Will Kissing Booth for charity" Hannibal Cre-Ate-ive prompt.

Will has a secret desire and perhaps an ulterior motive for agreeing to manning the Kissing Booth...

Notes

I wrote this as a gift for the lovely Llewcie for being my Beta on my #JustFuckMeUp fic and because I want to indulge her love of kissing!

Will was sure it was going to be tonight. Things had kind of been working up to it for him, and he kind of settled it in his head - yes, tonight he was going to kiss Hannibal Lecter. In fact, this had all come about because of Hannibal - not that he was going to read anything into that.

When Hannibal had suggested he get involved with the fundraising night, he hadn't been that keen. When he'd further suggested manning the Kissing Booth he was a little bit horrified at the thought

"Kissing booth… I don't think-"

"It would be perfect Will! We want you to have a distraction, an outlet and be more social. I believe this would be the perfect option."

And Will thought about it for a moment. And then he thought of something else - an important question - "Will you be at the fundraiser Doctor Lecter?... For moral support I mean, if you're free..."

"Oh of course Will. I am more than happy to come along and offer my moral support for you, and more general support for the lovely animals." Hannibal's smile warmed Will and so he agreed. As he left his session that day, mulling over what it might involve, he allowed himself to make the realisation he had been skirting around in the session -

He could finally kiss Hannibal Lecter!

Will had fantasised many times about kissing his therapist. At least for starters. He'd left sessions frustrated and in need of release. When he had first met Lecter he had of course noticed his rather attractive form, his striking face, his soft lips, but he thought he could control himself given how abrupt and unwelcome their being thrown together had been. But then the doctor had given him care and attention that seemed beyond that of a therapist - unofficial or not. And if Will was a sucker for anything, it was someone actually caring about him.

It was amazing how quickly the night came around. And how many times since he had agreed to do the Kissing Booth Will had imagined scenarios where he and Doctor Lecter ended up kissing. But in reality it could end up as somewhat of a dilemma. It may be for charity but how would he lure the doctor from his professional position? And on top of that, how would Will find the confidence to do so. He was sexually experienced, but there was something about the doctor that told Will his experience paled in comparison - especially with other men. So the truth was that Will would be stuck at a kissing booth all night, longingly looking at his psychiatrist and having no courage at all to do anything about it.

In fact, it ended up worse than he feared. He had decided on wearing something that might appeal to the doctor - he knew he was a man of aesthetics and he had encouraged him to get dressed up. But Will didn't own anything anywhere near as nice as Hannibal's suits, and he'd look ridiculous in them anyway. But looking in his wardrobe had been a disappointment and shopping was not his strong point. In the end he managed to get a nice new dress shirt but

forgot a tie and had to settle for one that he wore for teaching. It would have to do - halfway to smart.

And then the doctor hadn't arrived immediately and the only takers he had at the booth appeared to be out of pity. He felt uncomfortable and a little bored, but mostly horrified at the prospect of both kissing the doctor and not kissing the doctor.

When he spotted that Hannibal had arrived it spurred Will into action. The doctor wasn't venturing near him at all so he did the only thing he could think to do in his desperation - kiss as many people as possible in the hopes of making the doctor jealous. It was of course ridiculous. The chances were the doctor had no interest in him anyway so it didn't really matter how many people he kissed. His lips were getting sore and he kept wondering how much longer until he could kiss the doctor, or would his lips be completely numb by then and what would be the point! At least all the kissing, and the compliments he received (even if they were from little old ladies) were doing wonders for his confidence. If only he could bottle it for when he finally talked to Hannibal! If that ever happened!

It wasn't until the night started to draw to a close and he, begrudgingly, started counting up his takings, that the doctor came over. Will felt like he had butterflies in his chest and stomach as Hannibal walked toward him. He forced himself to grin - not hard considering the money he had made - but strangely not easy with Hannibal *right there!*

"Much success Will?" Hannibal asked.

It wasn't an opening Will could use to persuade the doctor to kiss him. After all, it had been successful so he couldn't cry for the support of a friend in making up the figures. So instead he grinned a grin that hurt his face. "Doctor, I think you were right, this was just what I needed. And here…" He flashed a box of $5 dollar bills. "$375! Can you believe it? I think I need some salve for my lips." Will chuckled and hoped the doctor didn't hear how forced it was.

Shut up you idiot! He chided himself. What was that salve comment?!

There was, for a moment, a weird expression on Hannibal's face - and Will hoped it might be the jealousy he had been aiming for. But it was so hard to tell with the man! Still, he got up the nerve and took the chance -

"Shame, I had hoped to make it up to a round $400." Will laughed as he placed the box away, trying to sound something between casual and flirtatious. "But it looks like people are heading off, can't imagine I'll be able to drum up much business now."

Take the hint, take the hint. Oh god take the hint and please, please, please want to kiss me. The smile on Will's face hurt.

Will couldn't hold the smile any longer as Hannibal's expression became completely unreadable and his tongue ran out over his bottom lip.

The sight sent a wave of desire through Will and he struggled to say - "Are you ok Doctor Lecter?"

Hannibal cleared his throat - “Of course… I was, uh…” There seemed to be some sort of nervous hesitation and Will didn’t even dare to hope, but then Hannibal cleared his throat again. “Did you… um… Will, I was wondering… I could, if you like...if you’re willing of course…”

Willing? Was he kidding? Will tried to play it totally cool. Though realised he might not be achieving that with the look on his face - he quickly swapped out anxious surprise to pleased smile. Realising too late he’d pushed it over too far and looked like he was laughing at Hannibal. *Reel it in asshole!* He scalded himself.

Ok, time to try seductive instead. You can do this! “Doctor Lecter, don’t be shy… did you want a kiss?” He was grinning but he could feel the heat rising in his cheeks, why did he always have to blush!

Will was about to just give up and escape out the door when Hannibal continued - “I… Well, I could…” Hannibal pulled out a billfold and counted out $125. “I could make it up to a round $500.”

The tone was almost cold but Will smiled anyway. Because either way a kiss was ensured now! Will just had to make the most of it. Make it the best damn kiss so if it was the only one it would be one to remember. But if it was really good perhaps that would be enough to win Hannibal over.

Will grinned - “Doctor Lec-... Hannibal, that would be… That’s so generous.” His confidence grew as he said the words, because this was really happening!

Will didn’t let himself be put off when Hannibal’s replying tone seemed almost resigned. “Well, it is for a very good cause. The animals have greater need than I-”

It was time to act! It was now or never! His palms were sweating and he felt a cold shiver run over his skin but he did it anyway, he reached forward and grabbed Lecter’s tie, pulling him forward face first. He finally stopped pulling when their lips connected. And oh, they were so soft! And Will suddenly realised he needed to actually *do* something! So he moved his lips, opening them and licking a tongue at Hannibal’s lips. And then Hannibal opened his mouth, he thought it was to say something but it was too late. He had slipped his tongue between Hannibal’s lips before he realised what he was doing.

And oh! It was delightful. Will instinctively moved his arms up around Hannibal despite the side of the booth in between them. Their mouths moving together now as Hannibal responded. He ran one hand up into Hannibal’s neatly coiffed hair. Suddenly realising, as a bolt of pleasure went straight to his cock, that he really wanted to see Hannibal messy. He really wanted to make Hannibal messy.

As Will realised quite how aroused he was, he broke the kiss and pushed Hannibal back lightly, grinning at him. He felt emboldened by his own arousal, which he was sure Hannibal shared from his slightly uncomfortable stance.

“Hannibal…” Will purred, smoothing his hands over Hannibal’s lapels. “I really want to thank you for getting me involved in tonight, it has been so good for me. I feel so much more

self-assured, less troubled. In control." He grinned. He did feel those things, though maybe not as strongly as he was trying to have Hannibal believe. Hannibal knew how broken he was - maybe he would be more appealing to Hannibal if he were stronger, less broken.

"I'm glad Will…" Did Hannibal's voice just squeak? That seemed promising.

What now, what next? The money, he had to give the money to Agent West and then he could leave. He could leave with Hannibal, hopefully. Just needed to act on it - strike while the iron was hot.

"Well…" He stepped back, plucked the bills from Hannibal's hand and popped them in the box. Tried to sound as flirtatious as possible when he said - "I guess I'm done for the night. I just have to give the funds to West…"

He started to walk off but then realised how abrupt it might seem, so he turned and pulled on the most charming smile he could muster. Hoped it seemed as confident as he wanted to appear. He had to say something, the right something to hook this fish. His chest was tight as he tried not to seem like he was forcing out the words.

"And then, I think you can drive me home and I can show you properly how much I appreciate all the advice and guidance you've given me." He meant them, oh how he meant the words! He ran his tongue over his lips and then drew in his bottom lip and held it between his teeth. Was that seductive? Maybe? God, he hoped so because he was still completely unsure what he was doing, whether this was working.

And then finally, something gave and Hannibal said breathily - "Of course, Will… anything you say…"

The words almost stopped Will in his tracks but then he remembered the money. He had to hand off the money and then they could leave. It was all he could do not to trip over his own feet as he made his way to West and thrust the money box in his hands with no further words before heading back to his doctor.

They stood there then, for a brief moment looking at each other and neither sure what to do. Will can feel his heart beating, his concern that this will slip away was visceral.

"Ok. Let's go." Will said with a lot more desperation than he had intended and a lot less charm and confidence he'd managed to portray so far. He grabbed Hannibal by the arm and they moved both with some urgency until they reached Hannibal's car in the parking lot.

And then they were kissing again! How did that happen? Hannibal must have initiated it Will realised as he found his back pressed up to the side of the car, and Hannibal pressed against him. He moaned into Hannibal's mouth as it moved against his own. His lips were a little sore and this kiss less gentle, but that didn't seem to matter - he could rest his lips tomorrow, tonight he wanted to kiss and be kissed by Hannibal Lecter.

Oh god! And now Hannibal's sizeable erection was pressing into his thigh and he really didn't know if he was going to make it into the actual car, let alone anywhere else, without cumming in his pants.

That would be embarrassing. *Think of something else Will, think of Jack Crawford.*That would be enough to make anyone's dick go limp. Would have worked for Will too if Hannibal hadn't chosen that moment to move both his hands into Will's curls and grip hold on as he explored Will's mouth with his tongue.

It seemed like an eternity later that Will had to turn away from the kiss to catch his breath.

"My home is closer." Hannibal panted, using the break to tell him this as he opened the door. It was the passenger side so Will slipped in as Hannibal moved around the car and slid into the driving seat. Hannibal fiddled with his keys. Were his hands shaking? And then they fell onto the floor and he just stopped and put his hands on the wheel and breathed. And Will breathed, and was sort of stunned and had no idea what to do. Other, of course, than keep kissing Hannibal. Because it felt so good and Hannibal felt so good and it was everything he had been fantasising about.

Will wasn't sure he actually thought about what he was doing before he did it, because there wasn't a lot of blood being fed to his brain at this point. He moved quickly across and into Hannibal's lap, finding his mouth once more as their cocks found each other in the press of their bodies. They both moaned into the kiss - Will's hands both in Hannibal's hair now. He sucked on Hannibal's lower lip, pulled at it with his teeth, released it but continued to nip at it. Hannibal's hands meanwhile had found Will's ass. They grabbed him roughly and squeezed before using his purchase to move Will against him - their groins grinding together.

Don't cum Will, for fucksake don't cum. Think of Jack, think of Jack, think of Jack, think of Jack, think of Jack…

But then there was a moan and a shudder and for a moment Will was mortified. And then he pulled back from the kiss and looked into the blissed out face of Hannibal Lecter. A minute or so passed before the semblance of composure returned to the doctor's features - time spent panting in unison. Will wasn't sure whether to be glad or frustrated that he was still rock hard. He didn't really think he should dwell on it considering Hannibal then, with what seemed like a great effort to maintain his dignity, said -

"I'm awfully sorry Will. I appear to have cum in my pants."

Will, equally unsure of how to deal with this situation opted for politeness and simply replied. "That's quite alright doctor, I'm sure I can have you hard again once we get to your house."

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